

# SLOW DEATH 4

50¢  
ADULTS  
ONLY



A WORLD PEACE TREATY  
WAS SIGNED ON THIS SPOT  
BY ALL THE NATIONS OF THE  
EARTH. JULY 197

FOREVER





... "HOMESICK" © 1972 T. YEITCH-JAXON ...  
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DEATH WILL HAUNT YOU IF YOU USE WITHOUT PERMISSION! R. TURNER → EDITOR .....

# NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,  
We do our best to kill and mame,  
Because the kills all count the same,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,  
Pilots doing what they please,  
Dropping frags on refugees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low and looking mean,  
See that family by the stream,  
Drop some nape an hear 'em scream,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

A group of gooks in the grass,  
But all the fighting's long since past,  
Crispy youngsters in a mass,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on the barn,  
It won't do too much harm  
Just burn off a leg or arm  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,  
By tossing candy on the ground,  
Then grease 'em when they gather round,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Ox cart rolling down the road,  
Peasants with a heavy load,  
They're all V!C! when the bombs explode,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,  
Killing gooks is macho fun,  
If one's pregnant it's two for one,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

There's a gook down on her knees  
Launch some fleshettes into the breeze,  
Her arms are nailed to the trees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Blues out on a road recon,  
See some children with their mom,  
What the hell, let's drop the bomb,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire  
Montagnards around a fire,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

A baby sucking on his mother's tit  
Children cowering in a pit,  
Dow chemical doesn't give a shit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a "no fire zone"  
Books under arm as they go home,  
Last in line goes home alone,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

They're in good shape for the shape they're in.  
But I wonder how they win,  
With napalm running down their skin,  
Napalm sticks to kids.



Thanks very much for all the letters, no room for a do loop letter page or a Slow Death Quiz this time. The cartoon was sent to us by Eric Kimball. The poem was the work of a group of AF and Army GIs assigned to the First Air Cav who sat down one night in a hootch in Nam and wrote a poem. It expressed their bitterness about the things they had done and toward the military that had made them murderers. The poem was first published in the June 71 issue of helping hand; POB 729, Mountain Home, Idaho 83647. Each verse depicts an actual event that at least one of the men participated in.

Other correspondents called for emergency preparedness based on the "bug out system" that SAC base personnel and families use; while one woman from New York suggested that to defuse the population bomb "we should swallow a load so the population won't explode". Keep them cards and letters coming folks; we will print some in the next Slow Death. Back issues of Slow Death available for 65 cents each. Include age statement with each order. Dealer McDope games \$7.95 postpaid. Send to Baba Ron Turner, Editor, Slow Death Funnies, PO Box 212, Berkeley, Ca 94704.





